

CHARIVARIA.

"I AM convinced," said Miss ELLEN TERRY, "that a national theatre has for ages been established in Mars." This raises an interesting speculation. Is it not possible that what astronomers have declared to be lengthy canals in Mars may actually have been queues of playgoers waiting to enter the pit?

The Court Circular informs us that Mr. HERBERT SIDNEY has had the honour of submitting for the KING's inspection the picture he has painted entitled, "*Spartan mothers witnessing their sons, at the festival of the Diomastigosis, undergoing a trial of courage by whipping before the Altar of Artemis.*" But what we would like to know is this: Have we here the full title of the painting, or only a *précis* of it?

A certain philosopher, now dead, promised that after his demise he would place himself in communication with a Continental Society for Psychical Research. The Society has not yet heard from him, and it is feared that the deceased must either have met with a fatal accident or lost the address of the Society.

Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON accuses Mr. LLOYD GEORGE of having stolen his speeches. It is difficult to imagine a more mean and petty theft.

In explaining the alterations in his Budget, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE began his exposition with the words, "I take land." That sums up his position very succinctly.

The CHANCELLOR frankly calls his favourite imposition, "The Undeveloped Land Tax." We tremble to think what the Tax will be like when it is fully developed.

These indeed be revolutionary days. One by one our most cherished ideas are being taken from us. "A husband," declared Mr. JUSTICE BARGRAVE DEANE in the Divorce Court last week, "has no right to strike his wife."

Suggested motto for his Lordship:—"I forbid the bangs."

The new prison for habitual criminals at Parkhurst is fast approaching completion, and now that their profession

has been officially recognised, habitual criminals are talking of founding a Trade Union to guard their interests.

Meanwhile his Majesty's prison at Springfield, Chelmsford, is so full that the infirmary quarters and punishment cells have had to be utilised for the reception of ordinary prisoners, and it may be necessary to open a waiting list.

The Army authorities are searching for a new biscuit for our soldiers, and the men are said to be getting nervous. They do not mind being called dogs of

he was being eaten by lions must have been a masterpiece of hypocrisy.

The London branch of the Historical Association, at a meeting held at University College, decided that children below the age of eight ought to be taught entirely by stories. At the same time we fancy that many parents will hesitate to place some of our modern newspapers in the hands of children of such tender years.

The experiment of getting lonely but garrulous persons to wear little flags as a sign that they are willing to talk to other persons is being tried at a certain restaurant with no pronounced success. "Conversation flags," in fact, sums up the situation.

As folks are now taking their cats out of cold storage *The Daily Mail* publishes a timely article on the choice of pets. "Few people realise," we are told, "how much joy is to be got out of an ordinary squirrel . . . One of these dainty little pets used to run along the writer's arm when she was painting, and find great satisfaction in nibbling the end of her paint-brush." We are of opinion that the writer does not make out such a strong case for the squirrel as she imagines she does.

On the subject of the breeding of cats for sale this same writer calls attention to the fact that the price obtained will depend on the position of the ears. This is quite true. A cat with ears each side of its tail will fetch a fabulous sum.

We must, however, respectfully challenge the statement that "cats like to have their separate saucers, which should be of blue-and-white enamel." Given the right sort of fish we have known cats eat off red-and-white enamel without flinching.

Socialism at work; or the nationalisation of wealth:—

"MR. KEIR HARDIE'S WATCH STOLEN."

The Polygam.

"Matrimony.—Young Man Wishes to Meet Respectable Servant or others (about 20); Genuine."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

A new company has been registered under the title "Eggs, Limited," just in time for the General Election.



A PARDONABLE ERROR.

Dear but short-sighted Old Soul. "WHAT A WONDERFUL GUY, BOYS! SO LIFE-LIKE! IT SEEMS A PITY TO BURN IT!"
Boys. "THAT AIN'T A GUY—THAT'S FARVER!"

war, but they have no wish for the idea to be carried further.

The visit of the TSAR to Italy has set the Italians thinking once more of the advantages of joining Russia, France, and Great Britain. After all, four's company, three's none.

With a view to increasing the population the KAISER, according to a circular issued by the Minister of the Interior, will stand as godfather to the eighth child in any German family. The parents' fee is to be £3.

The Moorish Pretender who, we all thought, was killed the other day, is now reported to be alive. What a fellow he is for pretending! His conduct when

THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM

As, when the still air bodes a tempest coming,
Life is at pause and not a feather stirs;
Nature abandons her habitual humming
And hardly anything at all occurs
(Except that in this rotten Isle
It goes on raining all the while);—

The rabbit's gone to bed, foreseeing trouble;
The fox has couched within his private earth;
The partridge-bird has scouted off the stubble;
The cockatoo has checked his impious mirth;
All, save the fishes down below,
Have modified their *status quo*;—

Not thus do we, before the burst of thunder
Fixed in the programme for a nearish date,
Adopt an attitude of speechless wonder
While we attend the Budget's doubtful fate;
That's where we differ from the brutes,
Awestruck and shaking in their boots.

Pending the storm's preliminary tucket
There is a noise of talkers not a few
Crying, "They must," "They daren't," "They're bound
to chuck it,"

"To h— (perdition) with them, if they do!"
Is there a man that can't say what
Should be the issue? There is not.

Only in one group scarce a tonsil budges,
Only on one peculiar type of brow
Sits the repose of high impartial judges
Scorning to join this passionate pow-wow;
Let others urge the fierce dispute,
Our Peers remain superbly mute.

In hall and castle, hunting-box and backwood,
Over the Bill they spend the midnight oil,
Asking their pilot consciences what tack would
Best suit the wishes of the Sons of Toil.
Hush, hush your clamour! sheathe your swords!
Do not disturb the noble Lords! O. S.

AT THE SIGN OF THE DUKES' ALMS.

THE Anti-Socialist Union is appealing to the public for one million shillings. We understand, on the authority of a well-known Tariff Reformer, that the following letters have been received by the Treasurer:—

From the Duke of B-df-rd.—I enclose 1s. for your fund. It is a great cause. I hope to send another next week.

From the Duke of D-e-nsh-re.—Enclosed please find 2s.—one from me and one from a guest staying at Chatsworth, who wishes to remain anonymous.

From the Duke of N-rth-m-b-rl-nd.—Have pleasure in enclosing 9d. in stamps. Shall hope to send the other 3d. on Saturday.

From the Duke of B-ccl-ch.—Herewith order on the Bank of Scotland for 2s. 6d. Please send me a collection-box. I think I could get a nice little sum for you.

From the Duke of P-rtl-nd.—I am sending you 3s. It has been a bit of a strain, but every shilling given away means something off these accursed Death Duties. I am having your collecting card gummed into the Visitors' Book at Welbeck.

From the Duke of R-xb-ryhe.—Please accept my mite—from a working man.

From the Duke of W-stm-net-r.—Sorry I cannot send you 1s. This awful Budget!

From the Duke of M-nch-st-r.—Please send me a shilling to send to you.

SHADOWS FROM THE PAST.

THE DANCE.

THERE was a good deal of excitement when the invitation arrived. It was on a card, and it announced that Miss Harmer was to be at home on a certain day at The Elms. In the corner was the statement that there would be dancing from 8.30 to 11. It was the most grown-up thing that had ever happened to the particular boy to whom the card was addressed, and his fifteen-year-old soul glowed with pride at the prospect of a real dance, at which he could wear his swallow-tailed coat, his white tie, his new enamelled studs, and his patent-leather shoes. Only one thing troubled him, and that was the anticipation of having to conduct conversations with his partners, especially with Miss Harmer, who was twenty-six years old and very beautiful. She had a lot of fair hair, and she had a bold way with her. Should he ever dare to ask her to dance, to put his arm round her waist and actually to attempt a waltz with her? And what could he talk to her about? The mere thought filled him with bashfulness and blushes.

The *optata dies* came inexorably, and at 8.30 to the minute he was set down at The Elms and was received by Miss Harmer. Before he knew what had happened he had said, "Good evening, Miss Harmer," and she had said, "Good evening, Ronald. So glad you've come." He had meant to stay and chat lightly with her for a moment, but something had swept him on, and he was now standing aimlessly in the middle of the room with a painful consciousness of his hands. He felt, too, that his smile was becoming fixed, and he got rid of it by a sort of dead lift.

There were a great many other guests in the room, boys, girls, young men and young women. Some of them he knew, but he had eyes only for the supreme goddess, Miss Harmer. A man with black whiskers and an eye-glass was standing beside her and talking to her familiarly with great ease and composure. Why were men with black whiskers so detestable? and what wouldn't he, Ronald, give to be able to talk like that, and to bring those bright and fascinating replies from the divine Harmer? However, he must nerve himself to ask her for a dance in the orthodox manner. He did so, brought his programme forward, and advanced.

"May I have the pleasure of the next dance, Miss Harmer?" Was that his own voice, so prim and formal and unfriendly? No, it must be some one else's. He had intended to put any amount of warmth into the phrase, so that he might show her with what respectful longing he was yearning to lead her forth. "My dear Ronald," she laughed, "the next dance is the first dance. I can't dance that or the next two or three, because I've got to receive my guests, but I'll give you the fifth—it's the Lancers."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Harmer; and may I have a waltz too. I can dance the *trois-temps* all right, and I——"

"There's nothing like asking," said Miss Harmer. "If you're a very good boy you shall have the seventh too. That's a waltz."

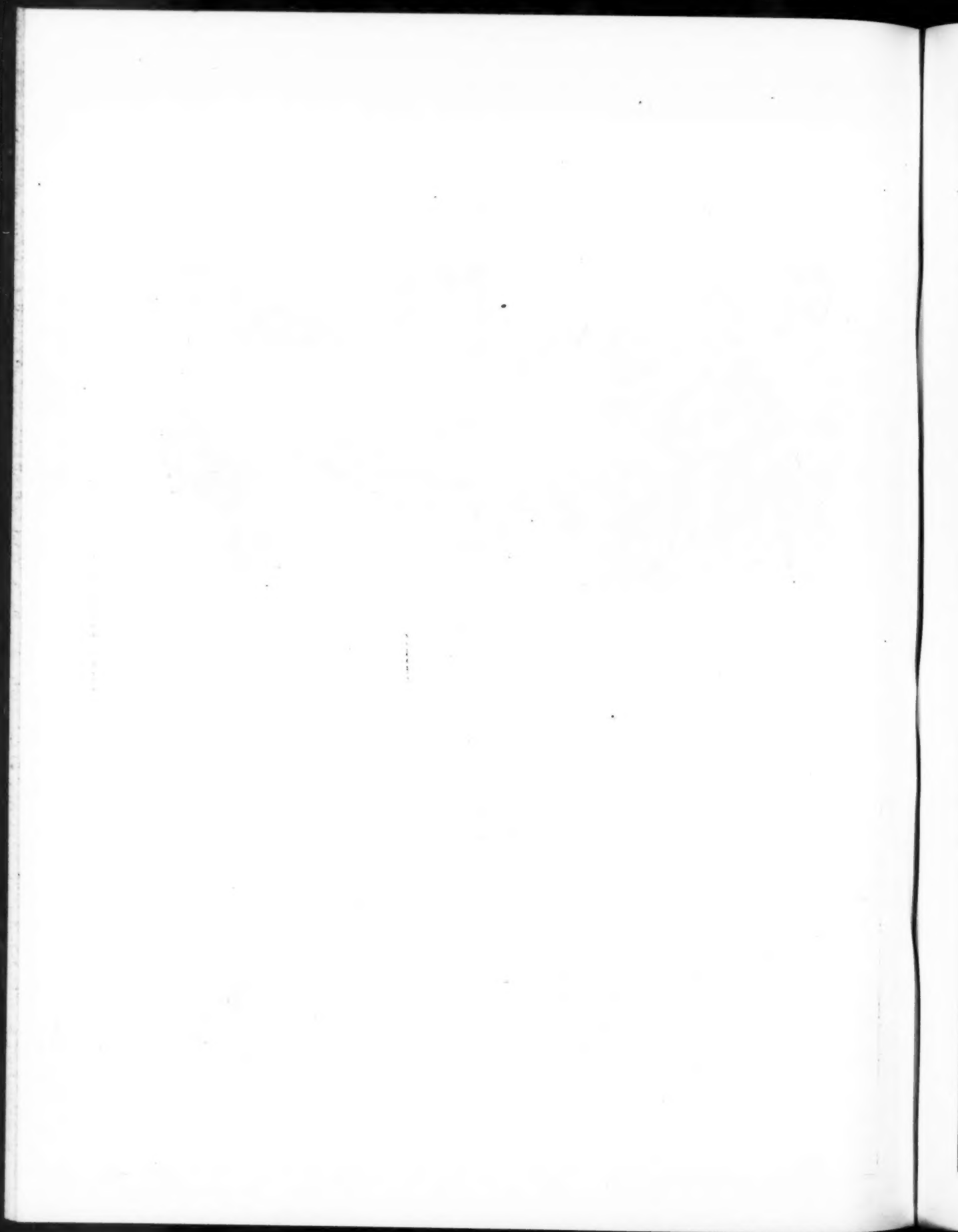
"And that's my foot," said the black-whiskered man, removing it from under Ronald's. "Don't apologise. I like it. Everybody treads on my foot."

"There, there," said Miss Harmer, tapping the black-whiskered man with her fan, "we won't bother about a mere foot."

Clearly the black-whiskered man was abominable. Something painful and disgraceful ought to happen to him



A SUDDEN DETACHMENT.





HERO WORSHIP.

Archie. "BY JOVE, YOU JOHNNIES, I SEE HERE'S SOME JOHNNY DIVED INTO A MINE OR SOMETHING, AND SAVED THREE OTHER JOHNNIES—
(No reply; then, with some indignation)—MUST SAY I THINK IT WAS RATHER DECENT OF HIM!"

publicly. "Shake hands with Major Arkwright, Ronald," continued Miss Harmer. "He isn't as fierce as he looks."

Major Arkwright! A hero of whose prowess Ronald had read! His world was turned upside down.

The Lancers came and went successfully enough. Conversation during the Lancers is happily almost impossible; but when they were over Ronald's troubles began.

"Shall I take you to the refreshments?" he began.

"Oh, we won't bother about refreshments yet. Haven't done anything to deserve them."

"I'm sure"—he hesitated and then plunged—"I'm sure you deserve them, Miss Harmer."

"Don't be a complimentary little boy," laughed the lady; and the conversation died down to nothing till the blessed moment came for the music to strike up again.

The waltz was a series of minor disasters. It had been easy enough to dance the *trois-temps* at the dancing school, but here there were scores of gyrating couples, and they were always in the way. Finally Miss Harmer's dress was torn. "There," she said, "I knew that would happen. Let's sit down for the rest of the dance"—and they did. Having, so to speak, pumped up from the soles of his shoes the Academy, the bad weather, the curious behaviour of his head master, and other topics of conversation, Ronald had come to the end of his resources.

"I'm not much of a hand at talking," he said, desperately.

"Oh, you're much better than Major Arkwright," said Miss Harmer.

"But he can fight," said Ronald.

"Pooh," said the goddess, "what's the good of that in a ball-room?"

Thereupon the Major came up and claimed her for the next dance.

These violent conversational efforts had so grievously discouraged Ronald that he resolved to fly. He didn't wait for the carriage which had been ordered to fetch him, but dashed for liberty and home on foot. So ended his first dance. Last week it was his privilege to meet Mrs. Arkwright with her three grandchildren, and he reminded her of their dance a century or so ago.

Some Emotions and a Moral Victory.

END OF THE BUDGET.

BERMONDSEY'S VERDICT.

THE "POOR MAN'S" ANSWER.

Daily Mail.

BERMONDSEY.

SUBSTANTIAL MAJORITY

FOR THE BUDGET.

Daily Chronicle.

This ought to give the Lords a clear lead.

Ure's Faithfully.

We understand that an admirer of Mr. URE, having reiterated the statement that, if the Unionists were returned at the polls, they would abolish the system of Bank Holidays, now desires to offer an explanation. It seems he simply meant that he could not see how a Ministry which promised so much employment for the country could afford to allow these days to remain idle.

Optimism.

"BOURNEMOUTH.—An incessant downpour of rain prevailed yesterday, and all outdoor attractions were suspended . . . Now is the ideal time for Bournemouth."—Daily Telegraph.

THE ORGANISERS.

THERE were six of them: Miss Blagworthy, Cecile, Dorothea, Mary Merton, Kate, and Mrs. Travers. They were all thinking deeply—except Cecile, who was busy smoking a cigarette and wondering why the smoke didn't get into Men's eyes.

They all wanted a vote.

Miss Blagworthy (34, *organiser*) wanted it because Taxation without Representation is Tyranny.

Cecile (27, *organiser*) wanted it because Men are Beasts.

Dorothea (18, *organiser*) wanted it because for forty years we had asked for it by peaceable methods, and now the time had come for—

"My dear," said Mary Merton, "that's hardly a reason for wanting a vote, though it's an excellent reason for—"

"This isn't a question of Reason," said Dorothea, haughtily. "It's a question of Justice."

Mary Merton (22, *organiser*) wanted it because of the poor girls in the factories.

Kate (19, *organiser*) wanted it because if Men had it, why shouldn't—

"My dear," said Mary Merton, "the fact that—"

"Dolly darling," said Kate quickly, to Dorothea, "can you reach the biscuits? You pig, you've eaten all the sugar ones."

And Mrs. Travers (35, *organiser*) wanted it because the Women in Finland had it. Besides, when you were her age—

"Bother!" said Dorothea, under her breath. "Hope I never shall be."

"We must think of something *new*," said Miss Blagworthy, striding up and down the room. Cecile looked straight in front of her with wide-open eyes, in the pretence that there was no such thing as cigarette smoke. The others thought deeply.

"What about going into a Cabinet Minister's meeting and saying, 'Votes for Women'?" said Mrs. Travers at last. "In the very middle of the speech, you know?"

"They won't let us in now," said Mary Merton, "and if they do they throw us out."

"Men are beasts," said Cecile, pressing the red end of her cigarette on to the ash-tray in order to remove the ash.

"Besides," said Dorothea sarcastically, "we want something *new*."

Mrs. Travers thought again.

"We might go to a football match," she said at last, "what men would call a very important match, and in the middle of the over we could all rush on to the field saying, 'Votes for Women.' Men don't like having their games interrupted."

"Ugh!" said Cecile with a shudder, "we should be killed. Beasts."

"I want to be killed," said Miss Blagworthy in a hollow voice.

"Let's inval—invali—validate another election by pouring stuff over the ballot-box," suggested Dorothea. "I should love to do it. Shouldn't you, Kate?"

"It's no good. Men don't play the game. They would pretend that the election hadn't been invalidated."

"It isn't cricket," coughed Cecile, "the way men retaliate on us. I shouldn't mind, even though they are beasts, if only it was cricket."

"Why won't they give us the vote?" cried Mary Merton.

"It will be bombs next time," said Cecile languidly.

Miss Blagworthy stopped suddenly in her paces.

"I have a plan," she announced gloomily.

"Oh, what is it?" asked everybody else.

"We will all go into the House of Lords when they are discussing the Budget and cry 'Votes for —'"

"Yes, but how?"

"There will be peers there who have never been in the House of Lords before—unknown even to the policemen. We will go disguised as them."

"Disguised as men?" said Kate excitedly.

"No!" said Mrs. Travers and Mary Merton firmly.

"We must remember our sex," said Cecile gracefully, from a cloud of cigarette smoke, "even though men are beasts."

"My dear," went on Mrs. Travers, "when you are my age—"

"How ridiculous," said Dorothea to Kate, "she's twice as old."

"I should say she was forty, shouldn't you? It would be rather fun, I think."

Miss Blagworthy bowed her head.

"The sense of the meeting is against me. Very well. Then I have another plan."

"That's better, dearie," said Mrs. Travers.

"In future there must be one of us in attendance at every wedding in London, to cry 'Justice for Women!' in the middle of the service."

There was a pause for apprehension.

"Ernest wouldn't have liked that," said Mrs. Travers thoughtfully.

"Must we?" said Mary Merton sadly.

"I don't like doing it, but if we must—"

"You know, I'm not at all sure that I approve of the marriage service," said Cecile.

"Nobody would marry *her*, I should say," said Dorothea to Kate. "She's too—well—you know."

"And then when we are arrested—"

"Ah!" said Mary eagerly.

"Could they arrest you for that?" asked Mrs. Travers doubtfully.

"Obstructing the vicar in the execution of his duty," said Kate. "Or brawling. They'd think of something."

"Well, then we would refuse to open our mouths at all—not for anything or anybody."

"How about breathing?" said Dorothea.

"Through your nose, silly," said Kate.

"I mean, of course, that we wouldn't say a word in court—not to answer the magistrate, or give our names, or anything."

"I should like just to tell him that I refused to be judged by man-made laws," said Mrs. Travers wistfully.

"No. It must be absolute silence . . . And now let us go out and begin."

"It's five o'clock," said Kate. "Nobody can get married after three."

"There you are!" said Cecile. "Look at that."

"We can get arrested," said Miss Blagworthy, "and begin the Silent Treatment at once. To Parliament Square!"

Miss Blagworthy (34, *organiser*), having been told twice by a police sergeant to go back to her husband, knocked his helmet off and cried, "Men of England, what are you going to do for the women?" The sergeant (speaking chiefly for himself) sketched out the immediate programme.

Mrs. Travers (35, *organiser*) chained herself to the railings, and cried, "Votes for women!" They got her loose just as it was beginning to rain.

Mary Merton (22, *organiser*) pleaded with a policeman to arrest her, and when he simply said, "Lor-bless-ye-pretty-face-no-Miss," she proceeded to rescue Miss Blagworthy. This had the desired effect.

Cecile (27, *organiser*) stood in the middle of Parliament Square and brooded upon the scene. "Cowards!" she muttered to herself. "It is to the death now," she added. Then she took a cab to her club and said, "Bring the cigarettes, waiter."

Dorothea (18, *organiser*), who was new to London, lost her way and found herself in Victoria Street. She had a cup of tea and half a scone and butter at an A. B. C., and left a penny under the plate for the waitress. It was quite an adventure.

Kate (19, *organiser*) was ordered by a fatherly policeman to go home. She went.

An inconclusive story, you say? Not at all; there are two conclusions.

One is, "The Ladies, God bless 'em!"

The other is, "Votes for Women!"

A. A. M.



THE RE-ASCENT OF MAN: INSIDIOUS EFFECTS OF A NUT DIET.

AT THE PLAY.

I. THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE.

I DOUBT if Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN would have had the hardihood to present the new Adelphi play if it had not been for the success of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, to which it bears a sort of bastard family likeness. This is not to imply that Mr. CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, who wrote *The Servant in the House*, owes anything for his idea to Mr. JEROME. "I have waited three years for this evening," he told us in a first-night speech; adding, in a burst of confidence, "and, by G—, it was worth it." Notwithstanding this pious asseveration I cannot altogether agree with him. Perhaps he is more easily pleased. Anyhow, I think him over-sanguine if he anticipates a success like Mr. JEROME'S, though you can never gauge the hearing powers of a theatre audience any more than you can guess beforehand the acoustic properties of a new building. In Mr. JEROME'S play you had to accept a miracle, it is true, but, once you had got over that, the rest was logical and consistent enough. But *The Servant in the House* is a veritable medley of unthinkable prodigies. It seems an extraordinary thing that, when the author



The Bishop of Lancashire Mr. J. H. BARNES.
Robert Smith Mr. HENRY MILLER.

wants to inculcate a great Biblical truth, it should be necessary to employ the machinery of farce; to introduce a Bishop, for example, disguised as a native Indian butler, and another Bishop with an ear-trumpet, and as blind as a bat, sitting at breakfast with a scavenger whom he mistakes for a clerical brother-in-law. I don't know which figure was the more grotesquely improbable—this second Bishop, who apparently had amassed a lot of bullion by shady processes and frankly

advocated the principle that you should give as little as possible, and grab all you can get, or the drain-man, seized with a sudden passion for making the acquaintance of his little daughter, though he might have given himself this treat any time during the last thirteen years if the idea had crossed his mind. Indeed the only characters that I could get myself to believe in at all were the comic page-boy and the very natural snob that was his mistress. With the former I found myself in close agreement when he complained, "I never see such a lot of improbabilities agoin' on in any house"—or words to that effect. A very sensible boy.

Mr. KENNEDY was right when he attributed his triumph—for the house was very good to him—chiefly to the merits of the actors, and Mr. HENRY MILLER in particular. It was, indeed, a remarkable performance throughout. Constantly by sheer force of sincerity they saved the situation when the sentiment threatened to be mawkish, or the melodrama too glaringly Adelphic (old style).

The author has gifts of humour and irony, and even in a play so crude in construction and so noisy in its contrasts one might catch many subtleties of thought; but no moral purpose is likely to be achieved among thinking people, or indeed deserves to be achieved, by such means as are here employed.

As for his reckless ridicule of the clergy—two out of the three either are or have been a disgrace to the cloth—there are black sheep in every profession, though not, I hope, in such lavish proportion to the whole. But I am not greatly concerned about the Church; the Church is strong enough to look after itself. I am more concerned about the Stage—a much weaker institution. It cannot afford to play this kind of game, for ridicule that is obviously unfair is apt to recoil.

I must not end without saying how sorry I was for the villain of the piece, the *Bishop of Lancashire*. By some extraordinary oversight no place was found for him in the scheme of *Universal Love and Brotherhood*; yet, being so uncharitable, he of all others stood most in need of charity. O. S.

II. THE LITTLE DAMOZEL.

Have you ever (dear reader) pulled out your cigarette case, planked it on the table, and said to your friend, "Have one of these—my own brand?" Probably. But little did you realise then that, seven years ago, the girl you were in love with smoked one of them with you and remembered the aroma so well that in the next Act she would recognise, in the husband of the girl who had been jilted by the man she was about

to marry, no less a person than you, her old lover.

If you don't realise this now—after I have put it so plainly—it is because you haven't been to see *The Little Damozel*, by MONCKTON HOFFE. The Little Damozel was *Julie Alardy*, and she played the harp in the orchestra of the *Café Angélique*. Her relations with *Captain Neil Partington* were quite innocent, but the latter had written some very foolish letters to her, and when he discarded her and made up to *Miss*



Captain Neil Partington Mr. LYLE.
Recklaw Poole Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY.
Julie Alardy Miss MAY BLATNEY.

Sybil Craven (of Craven Hall, Craven, Cravenshire) he wanted these letters back. It was not simply that he had said, "I love you" in them—*Sybil* would have forgiven that; not that he had added vaguely, "I am not worthy of you, darling"; but that (apparently) he had explained in full detail, with names and dates attached, *why* he was not worthy of her.

Julie was dangerous, for she refused to part with the letters. But *Partington* thought of a plan (which never would have occurred to me). He bribed *Recklaw Poole*, the cigarette smoker, with £15,000, to marry *The Little Damozel*. They were already fond of each other, and the fact that *Recklaw* had suddenly come into money would weigh with *Julie*. Once married, she would forget her grudge against her old lover.

But [Act II.] *Partington* had forgotten the cigarette (as I should have done). *Sybil* meets *Julie*, the latter lights up one of the old brand, and *Sybil* says, "Where have I heard that cigarette before? Yes . . . it is . . . You have married the man I loved seven years ago. His name then was *Recklaw*." "Yes," says *Julie*, "but he changed it to *Poole* when he was warned off the Turf." And so it all comes out. *Julie*, in frenzy at the plot that was played on her, leaves her husband for ever.

You see what a jolly lot they are. But *Recklaw* has still one card up his



THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGARS.

Extract from the report of latest French duel.—“— ON THE WORD BEING GIVEN M. CHEVASSU SHOT OVER M. BERNSTEIN'S HEAD. M. BERNSTEIN, INSTEAD OF FIRING, PLACED THE PISTOL BEHIND HIS BACK. ON BEING ASKED WHY HE DID NOT FIRE, M. BERNSTEIN SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS AND REPLIED, 'I FORGOT.'”

[The above is a fancy picture of the next French duel.]

sleeve. With his last few thousand pounds he insures his life in five companies and prepares to commit suicide, so that *Julie* shall have his money. (Even Mr. MONCKTON HOFFE seemed to think that this was a perfectly honest thing to do; but perhaps I do him an injustice. In any case I can understand that some months in the company of *Poole* and *Partington* would dull any author's conscience.) *Julie* hears of this, realises that *Recklaw* really loves her (“I could not love thee, dear, so much,” etc.), and forgives him. (And presumably herself for her black-mail of *Partington*, her mercenary motives in marrying, and so forth.)

Much of the dialogue is delightfully fresh and natural; it is a pity that it should be partially spoilt by such a theatrical setting. But Mr. HOFFE takes his plot quite seriously, and there are scenes of the utmost pathos in the Third Act; alas that they should leave our withers absolutely unwrung. I hope Mr. HOFFE will write a plain straightforward comedy some day, for he has the gift of easy dialogue.

Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, as *Recklaw Poole*, was all that Mr. HAWTREY always is; Mr. VANE TEMPEST was beautifully himself as himself, and Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR was particularly excellent as the Café proprietor—he, at any rate, had stepped straight from life on to the boards. Miss MAY BLAYNEY gave a very promising performance as *Julie*, but in trying to be natural was too conscious of both herself and us. In moments of passion and pathos she was much more at her ease.

M.

“It was publicly said of him that he was notable . . . as having given a pledge at one place to go to the poll and not having gone, and not to go to the poll at another and having went.”—*The Westminster Gazette*.

But we have all went like this in our time.

The Times Engineering Supplement on the new Cunarder:—

“The rudder and both sets of steering gear are below the water-line.”

Why did nobody think of putting the rudder there before?

In an advertisement of GEORGE BELL & Sons' publications, we are glad to see, under the head of

MASTERS OF LITERATURE, the following announcement:—

CHESTERTON. By G. K. Chesterton.

[November.]

We shall now know, for the first time, what Mr. CHESTERTON thinks of himself. Only a few more days to wait.

The author of *Boom!*—a new novel published by GREENING—is Mr. WILLIAM CAINE, and not Mr. HALL CAINE, as you might think from the title.

“The West, by fine forward rushes, made headway from the drop out, and the ‘Sonians’ were called on to defend a fine trick. Davidson found a duet at the corner flag.”—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

How very technical the game is getting.

“His height, weight, and strength make him a useful player in any company, and amongst schoolboys he is a trident among minnows.”

The Australasian.

Or, as one might say, a “hairpin among winkles.”



Sentry (fiercely). "HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"—(Pause, then mi'dly)—"I SAY, YOU MIGHT 'ALT WHEN I ASKS YOU."

THE LITTLE BACK NUMBER.

I was glad to see Werradaile again, but I could not help being sorry at the evident signs of his estrangement from prosperity. Three years had made a lot of difference.

We talked for half an hour about the weather, the old school, and so forth; then we came to the point.

With my well-known presence of mind, I explained that by an irony of fate, while it was the one thing I would like to do, it was also the one thing I could *not* do.

"A fiver would just tide me over," he continued, ignoring my attempt to close that channel of conversation. "I have had a disappointment this week which has made me a bit short. I have been rather unlucky over Prince OLAF."

"Prince OLAF?" I said. "Oh, yes, the little Swedish Prince."

"Norwegian," he corrected me. "He has just come over to England."

"Indeed! I didn't know."

"You would have known if I had had any luck; but the papers have been so full of URE and DUMPHREYS and the weather that I haven't had a chance. I make the incidents about Prince OLAF, you know; and beyond one or two lines about his greeting the KING on his arrival I haven't placed anything this time. I made over £20 on his first visit; my story of how he had a Guardsman led to his nursery each morning to play with was very popular, and his salute at the sound of the National Anthem—do you remember?—that went down splendidly. And I did fairly well out of his other visits. But this time, after I have spent the last ten days getting stories ready, the papers won't look at a thing. It is very unfortunate for me."

"And the stories that the papers published, and that went straight home to the nation's heart, were not true?" I asked, with indignation.

"Oh, they *may* have been. I kept quite close to the

probable, and anyway they were just the things that a nice Prince like that would do. I suppose I shall have no chance with OLAF until he is old enough to play pranks in his regiment. I've done pretty well from time to time along that line with the German Princes. But it will be some years yet, and I can't wait until then. Could you manage just half-a-sovereign?"

MOTHER SHIPTON ON THE CRISIS.

[Mr. BERNARD SHAW has astonished the literary world by contributing a preface to the new edition of Mr. HALL CAINE's last novel.]

WHEN SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
Sperm-whales will spout in Mincing Lane.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
MILES will devour cold mutton raw.

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
MAX BEERBOHM will imitate WALTER CRANE.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
All camels will cry, "This *is* the last straw."

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
The Censor will come by his own again.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
Wild asses will joyfully murmur "Hee-haw!"

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
There will be waterspouts in Spain.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
The Merry Widow will cease to draw.

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
LLOYD GEORGE will fill the Round Pond with champagne.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
Mr. PLOWDEN will cease to excite a guffaw.

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
The British Lion will shave his mane.



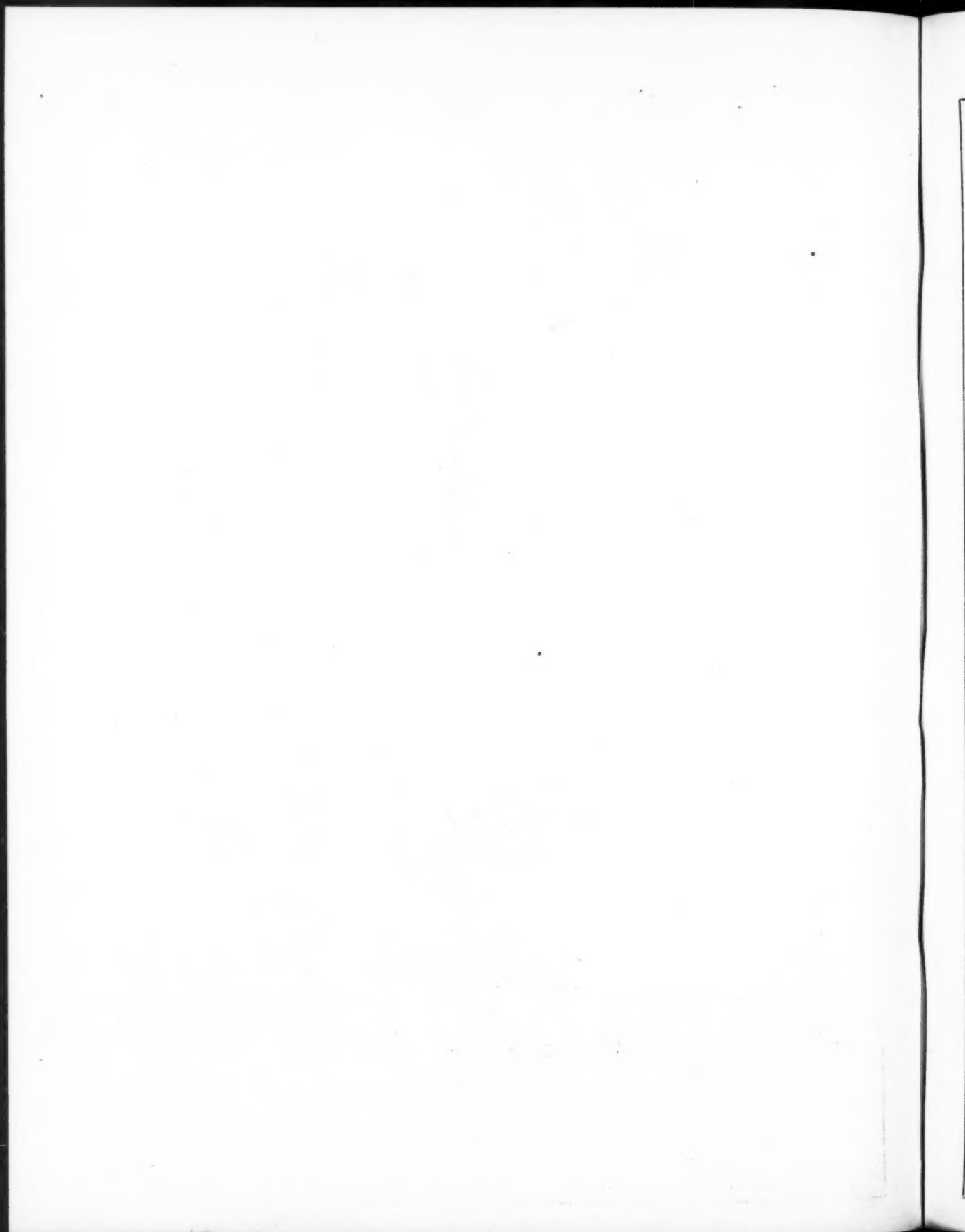
Leslie Sanson del. Nov. 27 1909.

A PLEASURE DEFERRED.

THE BUDGET (*as GUY FAWKES*). "THEIR LORDSHIPS NOT AT HOME? THEN I'LL CALL AGAIN."
HOUSE OF LORDS FLUNKEY. "ANY MESSAGE?"

THE BUDGET (*as GUY FAWKES*). "NO, NO! I JUST WANT TO BLOW THEM UP."

[The Commons propose to finish with the Budget Bill on Guy Fawkes Day. The Lords are to consider it on the twenty-second.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, Oct. 25.—Deathless originality of our hereditary legislators, their lofty contempt of the commonplace, illustrated afresh to-night. Scorning delights, they have spent laborious days with Irish Land Bill. Have so cut it up in Committee that SAINT AUGUSTINE, regarding the completed work, does not know his own child. In genial effort to assist paternal recognition, noble lords give it a few more hard knocks.

To-day it comes up for third reading. Agreed to without discussion; and there an end on't, you suppose. Which shows you don't know our House of Lords. LORD CHANCELLOR, having put question, "That the Bill be now read a third time," and declared "The Contents have it," up gat DONOUGHMORE and moved quite new amendment. One of a dozen that stood on the paper. Had something to do with arrangement by which payment of purchases under Act was to be made in cash, in stock, or partly in each.

MAYO, with characteristic directness and candour, went to root of matter in couple of sentences.

"Landlords," said he, "do not look with favour on payment by means of stock. They look with very great favour on cash payments."

A murmur sounding uncommonly like the smacking of appreciative lips approved this noble sentiment.

CREWE sat forlorn, conscious of arid waste on benches behind him. Pointed out that amendment would endanger basis on which provision was made for payment of purchase money. But what would you? What use any more walking through lobbies, one of a maximum of thirty, returning to await arrival of ultimate Peer in jubilant throng of five score or more coming back from Aye lobby? So amendment after amendment was patched on travesty of Bill that left Commons a few weeks ago in buoyant vigour.

With respect to one of them CREWE pointed out how it would hamper operation of Act, plaintively adding: "But as the noble Earl sets great store by it I will not detain your Lordships by discussing it."

Bang went another chunk of original Bill. In the end motion made and agreed to "that the Bill do pass."

Business done.—Wreck of Irish Land Bill towed out on its way back to Commons.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Whilst Questions went forward, uneasiness manifested on faces of peaceful Members seated by Mr. REMNANT. Learned Member, with foot



"Talk of remnants," said Winterton, "if he got hold of Ure—"

crossed over knee, was rapidly passing hand backward and forward upon upper leather of boot as if sharpening a knife. His lips moved; echo of refrain



REMARKABLE PERSISTENCE OF TYPE IN LORD CHANCELLORS.
(Lord Loreburn or Lord Halsbury—which?)

was heard. As far as it could be caught it sounded like

Fee Fi Fo Fate;

I smell the blood of Lord Advocate.

Explanation forthcoming when REMNANT, jumping up, asked PREMIER "if he would put some curb upon the LORD ADVOCATE?" Picture of Mr. URE with bit in mouth, led about by PREMIER, bridle in hand, tickled fancy of House. ASQUITH made no response to tempting invitation. REMNANT not to be disposed of on such terms. As everybody knows, LORD ADVOCATE, least emotional-looking man on Treasury Bench, been going to and fro saying things about Old Age Pensions, Dukes and other folk, poor but honest. REMNANT thirsting for opportunity to be at him. The late Earl CHATHAM's earnest desire for closer contiguity with Lord STRACHAN, a desire reciprocated by his noble friend, was nothing compared with Mr. REMNANT's yearning to have his fingers in the LORD ADVOCATE's flowing locks.

"Talking of remnants," said WINTERTON, regarding with admiration his bench companion, "if he got hold of URE, the fragments would not fill anything like six baskets."

Receiving no encouragement from PREMIER, REMNANT appealed to SPEAKER. Asked if he would be in order in moving adjournment of House in order to discuss LORD ADVOCATE'S "scandalous utterances."

By strange coincidence, FIENNES, seated on benches opposite, equally anxious to discuss the subject. Has placed notice of motion on paper. Doesn't mention a day for bringing it on. Practical effect the same. Other Members desiring to hurry up the matter find the way blocked. Thus the SPEAKER ruled.

So REMNANT dropped back in his seat, comforting himself with resumption of chant and of the little by-play with the top-leather of his boot.

Business done.—Licencing Clauses of Budget Bill dealt with in Committee. FABER draws blood-curdling picture of Ministers on Treasury Bench—a black-bearded, high-booted, many-pistoled crew, who have run aloft the Jolly Roger on which in blood-stained letters (fluid said to be drawn from willing veins of LORD ADVOCATE) flaunts the legend "Revenge, not Revenue."

Thursday.—House learns with pained surprise that at meeting of Council of Northumberland Miners Association BURR and FENWICK have had notice to quit. Association, captured by Independent Labour Men, requires that henceforward candidates whom it supports at the polls shall pledge themselves to vote



AUTHORITIES ON THE INGRATITUDE OF THE LABOUR PARTY.
(Messrs. Fenwick and Burt.)

and act with the I. L. P. In other words, instead of continuing the service to their constituents and the British Workman, conspicuously and successfully rendered, in BURT's case for thirty-five years, in FENWICK's for nearly a quarter of a century, they shall become automata, toeing the line where DON'T KEIR HARDIE chalks it.

As might be expected, the sturdy Northumbrians decline proffered position. By overwhelming majority dominant wire-pullers of the Association BURT founded and has given the best years of his life to nurture, bade them be gone.

Familiar axiom that there is no gratitude in politics. Latest testimony to its truth goes far beyond modern experience. BURT was the first genuine working man to take his seat in House of Commons. The MEMBER FOR SARK, returned in same year (1874), and like the Member for Morpeth since uninterruptedly representing same constituency, well remembers sensation created. To the working man it was of inestimable value that the experiment should have been initiated by such individuality. What might have happened was later suggested by return of another Labour Member sent to Westminster by a Staffordshire town. A vain windy person, he represented the class of tub-

thumpers who occasionally (happily only temporarily) enthral the guileless working man, nobbling Trade Associations, using their machinery for displacement of worthier men.

From the first, as unto this last, BURT habitually kept himself in the background, though missing no opportunity of coming to the front when interests of his fellow-workmen were at stake. He gradually won the esteem and confidence of all sections of the House. There is to-day no Member whose rising in debate would be more warmly welcomed, whose counsels would have weightier effect. When Mr. G. formed his last Ministry he amid general acclaim made the Member for Morpeth Parliamentary Secretary of Board of Trade. Coming into his inheritance four years ago, one of C.-B.'s first acts was to add the name of THOMAS BURT to the roll of Privy Councillors.

Thus, in Parliamentary debate and on postal address, he became Right Honourable. A proud distinction, sufficient for DIZZY in his prime, serving PEEL and GLADSTONE to the last. For BURT it was confirmation by royal grace of habitual circumstance. He was right honourable when, at the age of ten, he began to work as a pit-boy. Right honourable he has remained



A TRIUMPH OF ANTIQUITY.
The Winged Victory of Tariphance. (Mr. Dumphreys, M.P.)

in every phase of public or private life.

In FENWICK he found a comrade who stands only second to him in personal esteem of House. For nearly a quarter of a century these two have worked together in the best interests of Labour. Now for all reward they are ignominiously cast forth at the bidding of an alien Trades Union.

Glad to know they mean to fight it out. Northumbrian miners may be counted upon to see the thing properly through.

Business done.—Nearing end of Report Stage of Budget. Shall finish to-morrow.

From a catalogue:—

"Mycenaean Pottery.—Ten Pieces of Mycenaean Pottery of Extreme Age . . . These interesting relics are probably fully three hundred years old."

How time flies! It seems only yesterday that Agamemnon was laid to rest, yet it is "fully 300 years ago!"

Commercial Candour.

From an advt. of a café (in the programme of the Gaiety Theatre, Toronto):
"OPEN TILL MIDNIGHT."



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. 3.

Lady (who has jumped on the top of another). "STUPID WOMAN! CAME DOWN JUST IN FRONT OF ME, AND NEARLY GAVE ME A BAD FALL."

THE JULIA BUREAUCRATS.

MR. STEAD's conversation with DISRAELI, in the course of which the august shade advised the Lords to pass the Budget, is but one of many of his dialogues with the dead which, if not so happy as LUCIAN's, are at any rate more startling.

As a matter of fact, the spirits spring up in Julia's Bureau with such rapidity that even Mr. STEAD has difficulty in keeping pace with them.

Of what CORDEN said to W. T. S. with regard to the Bermondsey Election it is too late to speak; but he knew to a T the precise position on the poll of the genial JACK DUMPHREYS, and the rumour that his last words to W. T. S. were "Tell him on no account to shave" is inexact.

Another recent visitor was ROBESPIERRE, with views on the future of the House of Lords. We have translated the sea-green incorruptible's French.

W. T. S. Mr. DISRAELI, who was here the other day, advised the Lords to pass the Budget. What do you think?"

ROBESPIERRE. I think (*je pense*) it will be very dull if they do.

W. T. S. Why dull?

ROBESPIERRE. Because a very interesting (*intéressant*) struggle will be avoided.

W. T. S. You refer to that between Lords and Commons?

ROBESPIERRE. I do.

W. T. S. What do you advise?

ROBESPIERRE. I advise nothing. It is too late. Events must take their course. But I hope (*j'espère*) for a conflict.

W. T. S. And then?

ROBESPIERRE (*rubbing his hands*). Then the tumbrils.

Following upon a terrific double knock under the table—two blows that would have felled an ox—in romped the ghost of TOM SAYERS, the prince of prize-fighters, with some very pointed comments on the coming JEFFRIES-JOHNSON fight.

W. T. S. You observe, Mr. SAYERS, that a meeting has at last been arranged between the American and the Herculean Negro.

TOM SAYERS. Say that again.

W. T. S. Between JEFFRIES and JOHNSON, the Sable Southern Champion.

TOM SAYERS. You mean the Bounding Black. Yes.

W. T. S. Could you tell me which will be the victor?

TOM SAYERS. Not much, Mr. STEAD. What do you take me for? If anyone is going to profit by such foreknowledge as that, it's a better friend to me than you look likely to be.

Soon after TOM had disappeared, in walked LEONARDO DA VINCI, with stately tread.

W. T. S. Just the genius I wanted! You have seen *The Times*?

LEONARDO. I have begun to take it in.

W. T. S. Well?

LEONARDO. Well?

W. T. S. Have you no sentiments?

LEONARDO. Too many Cookseys spoil the broth.

W. T. S. Are you not anxious that the praise for the bust should be rightly given?

LEONARDO. It amuses me more to wait and watch.

W. T. S. I have no patience with such an attitude.

LEONARDO. You are out of sorts, man. Try RICHARD COCKLE's pills.

JULIA, the world will be glad to know, is hoping momentarily for a visit from WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; although HERRICK sounds more in her line.

BACON, it is said, has refused to attend unless a higher fee is offered.

MORE ESSAYS IN EULOGY.

[Suggested by Mr. Lloyd George's magnificent panegyric of Mr. Balfour as one of the greatest assets and luxuries of the House of Commons.]

SPEAKING at the Annual Banquet of Amalgamated Piano Players, at which Miss Carrie Morelli was the principal guest, the toast of the evening was proposed by Mr. Allcane in a speech of extraordinary eloquence and effusion. He said that the blind and doddering tribe of reviewers, whose fatuous imbecility would be contemptible if it were not so malevolent, had always sought to misrepresent the mutual attitude of Miss Morelli and himself and to make out that one or other or both were animated by a spirit of internecine rivalry. So far was this from being correct that he was the first person, many years ago, to lend his sister artist, a helping hand and assist her in planting her dainty but tottering steps on the ladder of fame. He never repented that service; indeed he was proud of it. He and Carrie—might he call her Carrie?—(Terrific applause, during which Miss Morelli signified her assent with a bewitching inclination of her tiara-crowned head)—did not always see eye to eye. There had been occasions on which she had not spared his feelings but had castigated him with the lash of a severe but salutary criticism. But that did not prevent him at this harmonious feast from expressing with a full heart his sincere conviction that Carrie Morelli was one of the most remarkable women who had ever lent additional lustre to the solar system. In the words of the hymn:—

Imagination's widest stretch
In wonder dies away

in the vain attempt to render justice to her sumptuous intellect—(cheers)—her mellifluous mentality—(Kentish Fire)—her gorgeous and supra-tropical imagination—(prolonged and enthusiastic plaudits).

Miss Morelli, rising with a swanlike stateliness that greatly added to the impressiveness of her reply, observed that seldom, if ever, had a famous authoress occupied a more embarrassing position. But she was not going to pretend to a mock modesty which she did not possess. Praise to the face was trying, but when it was laid on with the trowel of merit to the *mens conscia recti* of genius, there were few more

delicious experiences. In conclusion she expressed her grave doubts whether there was any country in which such a speech could be delivered on such an occasion and on such a subject except this country; and whether any man could have made such a speech who was not a Manxman.

THE NEW GAMES.

THE long evenings being upon us, an emissary of the P. M. G. has been enquiring into what has been done to help kill them by the ingenious brains that make the nation's pastimes, and he has discovered at least one treasure, entitled



"AVE, CÆSAR! MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS."

"Temperanzo," which has been devised for temperance people "anxious to combine moral instruction with entertainment. Played with a numbered dice (*sic*) and black balls, after the manner of most board games, the ultimate goal is either 'the happy home' or 'the work-house'; much on the lines of 'The Boy: What will he become?' showing the various stages."

Another game, called with equal wit "Racecorso," which has been devised by Mr. Punch, is on similar lines; and together they are calculated to sow the most valuable seeds in whatever nurseries they are played in.

An excellent topical variety of "Fox and Geese" is now ready, in which the Fox bears a resemblance—sufficiently

near to satisfy the artistic conscience of makers and players of games—to Mrs. PANKHURST, and the Geese are Liberal politicians. There is also a "Fox and Geese," in which the Fox is labelled the Censor and the Geese are the Dramatists.

"Families," that admirable friend of our childhood, also breaks out in several new forms. There is, for example, the "Cabinet Family," in which each member of that body is supplied (purely for festive purposes and entirely without prejudice) with a highly-coloured helpmeet of grotesque appearance and three comic children. To complete as many of these apocryphal families as may be is, of course, the object of the players.

The old "Family Coach" has been brought up to date under the title of "The Family Aeroplane," and no one can emerge from the rigours of this pastime without a considerable knowledge of aerial engineering. Each child having assumed his or her part—one being the motor, one the lifting rudder, one the steering rudder, one the left wing, one the right wing, one the lever, and so forth, the narrative is read out and the trencher spun exactly as in the "Family Coach."

Among the new puzzles, without the diverting assistance of which it would be practically impossible to get through such a world of frustration and bad weather at all, are some with such attractive names as "Pop-Wuzzle," "Inky-Winky," and "Solbobs." "Pop-Wuzzle" is a convex board with four depressions at each end and four steel balls. The thing is to get the balls from one end to the other without touching them, merely by raising and depressing the board. As it is highly polished and has no raised edge, the

player spends most of his time on the floor picking up the balls; and thus the dreary day passes.

And Germany? What are they doing there? What form does the strenuous life take with which we are thus frivolously occupied? Well, many of these games are made in Germany.

"But it was a hopeless matter to try to drive the camel of landlordism through a needless eye."

The humps of unearned increment would stick in the least uncalled-for eye.

Horrible Tragedy in Private Life.

"ASTRAL BODY.—Of course, the treatment prescribed was meant for the hips and would not do for the lips at all."—Hearth and Home.



Candidate for part of Juliet (to Manager of Shakespearean company). "Oh, yes, Mr. STORMER, I'M AWFULLY GONE ON SHAKESPEARE'S STUFF. D'YOU KNOW, I THINK HE'S A MAN IN A THOUSAND!"

AN INDEX EXPURGATORIUS

For Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book.

[Dr. CHARLES HEYDEWANN maintains that human character is transformed by the food consumed, e.g., that the piggishness of the Englishman's morning grunt is traceable to his breakfast of bacon. We have thus a fresh illustration of the old proverb that he who drinks beer, thinks beer.]

Says the Teuton, "Man ist was er iszt"—
If you are what you eat, have a care!
There are dangers that lurk in the list
Of the dishes your chef may prepare.

If sober behaviour's your rôle,
"Topsy cake" you should utterly
spurn;
Don't dally with "toad-in-the-hole,"
Or a snob you will certainly turn.

"Hasty pudding" will teach you to scold;
You'll be silly with "bubble-and-squeak";

"Devilled kidneys" will make you too bold,
And an "angel-on-horseback" too meek.

"Apple hedgelog" will cause you to fret;
"Spotted dog" with a snarl you'll deplore;

"Half-pay pudding" will drive you to debt,
And with chestnuts you'll rank as a bore.

Think twice ere you let a menu
Transmute you to items you munch!
One exception we'll make—you may brew
A jovial jorum of Punch!

PETTICOAT PRINTS.

[Mrs. J. R. GREEN has asserted that women form the majority of newspaper readers, and complained that journalists, in the preparation of newspapers, thought only of men.]

SAY not the fair has been forgotten
By all that broach the midnight ink;
Though half the morning press be rotten,
The "ha'p'nnies" know how women think:

If they despise the hand that holds the cotton
Then strike me pink.

Lo! how the careless eye meanders
From news of statesmen and police
To boudoir tips and toilet candours,
And remedies for facial crease,
And, interspersed with stuffing for the ganders,
The sauce for geese.

Here shall you find what arts demolish
The pimple (o'er your breakfast cup);
What fashion's latest whims abolish
And what demand, and where to sup;
The way to peel potatoes and to polish
Tiaras up.

Here is the nymph's delight, the
"shocker,"

Telling how Guy, the baleful Bart.,
Stole papers from Lord Edwin's locker,—
And (oh, be still, poor panting heart!)
Virtue shall triumph yet, beneath the
soccer,
In Monday's part.

Nay, when I contemplate the leaders,
The foreign items planned to thrill,
The interview that tells our readers
How Mr. Tubbs (that lion quill)
Welcomed our young reporter at "The
Cedars"
On Streatham Hill,

Showed him his sanctum and his kitten,
Revealed his dietetic rules—
I sometimes wonder if they're written,
These papers, not for trousered fools,
But solely for the demoiselles of
Britain
At boarding schools.

The record for the splittest among
infinitives has just been broken in a
lease granted by the Australian Govern-
ment to two gentlemen "to bona-fide
and to the satisfaction of the Colonial
Secretary for the time being in office
commence the industry of a turtle farm."
Wake up, England.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON, who publish it, are confident that Mr. W. B. MAXWELL's new book, *Seymour Charlton*, "will be recognised as one of this popular author's finest efforts." That, for a publishers' announcement, strikes me as unusually modest. They might have said much more without going beyond the mark. *Seymour Charlton* is a powerful satire on contemporary life in high places, which combines the grand manner of better days with the keen insight and extensive and peculiar information which is the boast, but not always the possession, of the modern journalist. It is all about shams, political shams, social shams, business shams, and, generally speaking, the futilities of life, in whose temple *Seymour Charlton*, a lord, an Under-Secretary of State, and almost a Cabinet Minister, serves religiously as an imposing but sham and futile high-priest. There are times when he badly wants kicking, and at last, I rejoice to say, fate does succeed in "catching him bending," and abruptly brings him to his senses and the arms of his neglected but forgiving wife. There are over two hundred thousand words and a very large number of characters in the book, but it is not a line too long.

I suspect Mr. J. E. PATTERSON of not only writing his books within earshot of the brine, but of reading them out loud to the waves, for nothing else could explain the looseness of his construction and the frequency of his hanging nominatives. He has to get in as much as he can, you see, in a breath before the breaker crashes on to the beach. Any way, there is no denying that he has caught the "surge and thunder" of his foreground, and is quite as much at home on (or just off) the East coast as a herring would be. *Watchers by the Shore* (METHUEN) is a novel of primitive emotions and uneducated people, whose story has value because it is touched with the rude grandeur of their surroundings. The author has sternly resisted the temptations of conventional melodrama, for the betrayer of his heroine, a man with some very contemptible moments, turns over a new leaf and marries her in the end, whilst her "adopted" father, who threatens to murder the villain (and very nearly does murder his brother as the supposed offender), becomes finally his friend and boat-mate. The character of *Joan* is a little colourless, but those of *Gideon*, her protector, *Huldah*, his superstitious wife, and *Knut*, the "wise man" (I am glad there are really people called "Knut") are excellent studies. For the most part, too, Mr. PATTERSON's fishermen do not unduly philosophise, and their verbal "dialectic" is very plausible. This makes it the more surprising to me that the words "ripping," "bounder" and "rot" are all put into their mouths. I should like to know whether there is authority

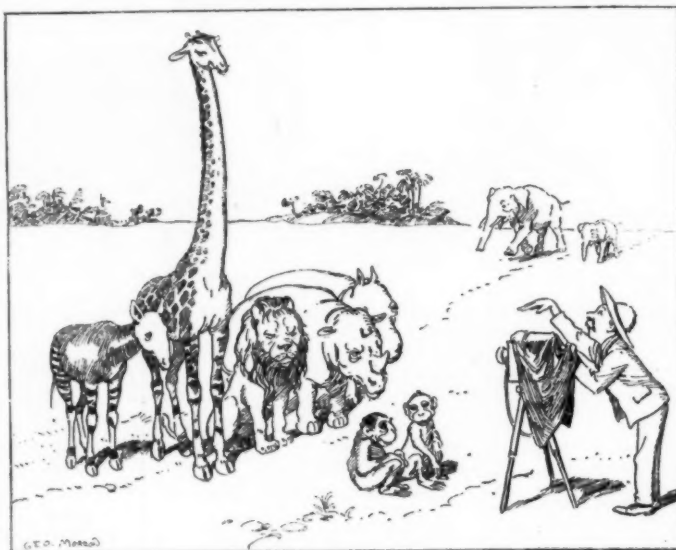
for this, for I should feel far more confidence in using slang myself if I were certain that it was not merely the language of decadence, but the natural effervescence of these hardy Suffolk salts.

In the tale of *Denis Yorke's* school life—which is not the least impressive part of *The First Round* (METHUEN)—Mr. Sr. JOHN LUCAS starts "one up" on most writers of school stories, and wins the realistic medal by about seven up and six to play. Unfettered by the thought that he is writing for boys to read, he has not attempted to gloss over the unpleasant side of school-life. Here, as he sees it, is a faithful picture of a public school, and parents possessing boys of artistic instinct may be advised to study it carefully. For a few moments I suspected that *Denis* was going from school to Oxford—and I quivered. But Mr. LUCAS avoids all bunkers in *The First Round*. *Denis*, a boy with music bubbling out of him, does not go to Oxford, but (after a brief and depressing time in the office of a local solicitor) to

London, where after many experiences bitter and sweet, he ultimately learns his lesson. "One against the world will always win" was his motto, and estranged from his narrow-minded father his egotism increased until he was almost a prig. He realised himself, however, just when success in the world of music was assured to him, and abandoning his fame and his selfishness, he returned to the home which he had left and to the father who needed him. To some readers this may seem an inadequate finale to an unusually brilliant book, but to me it is at once artistic and true. Mr. LUCAS is a master in the expression of

temperament, and he treats Bohemian London with both love and justice. *The First Round* is by no means a short one, but I was far from being tired at the end of it.

Richard Noy "divided women roughly into those who had and those who had not 'It.'" (He didn't really do it roughly, of course; that is merely a figure of speech). "It" was something indefinable yet quite perceptible. The women he felt he could be in sympathy with had It, and yet he deliberately married one without. *The Intruding Angel* (HURST and BLACKETT), by Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT, is his story, and whether because of his selection of the wrong girl, or because of his rather tedious habit of introspection in which the author encourages him, it failed to excite my very deep interest. "The intruding angel" is the lady he ought to have married, only she doesn't intrude until too late, and then she is rather too soulful (though common sense is her strong point), and a little bit of a nuisance. I found both her and *Richard* unconvincing. Each is so terribly good at answering the other's questions before they have been uttered that I couldn't help suspecting that the author gave them the tip.



Jungle Photographer (to Giraffe). "YES, YOUR EXPRESSION IS ALL RIGHT, BUT YOUR FACE IS OUT OF THE PICTURE."